

## The second part of

*Mess.* At Billingsgate my Lord.

*Falst.* I hope my Lord al's wel, what is the newes my lord?

*Lord* Come all his forces backe?

*Mess.* No, fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse  
Are marcht vp to my lord of Lancaster,  
Against Northumberland, and the Archbishop.

*Falst.* Comes the King back from Wales, my noble lord?

*Lord* You shall haue letters of me presently,  
Come, go along with me, good maister Gower.

*Falst.* My lord,

*Lord* Whats the matter?

*Falstasse* Maister Gower, shall I intreate you with mee to dinner?

*Gower* I must waite vpon my good lord here, I thank you  
good sir Iohn.

*Lord* Sir Iohn, you loyter heere too long,  
Being you are to take souldiers vp  
In Counties as you go.

*Falstasse* Will you suppe with mee maister Gower?

*Lord* What foolish maister taught you these manners, sir  
Iohn?

*Falstasse* Maister Gower, if they become me not, hee was a  
foole that taught them mee: this is the right fencing grace, my  
Lord, tap for tap, and so part faire.

*Lord* Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great foole.

*Enter the Prince, Poynes, sir Iohn Russel, with other.*

*Prince* Before God, I am exceeding weary.

*Poynes* Ist come to that? I had thought wearines durst not  
haue attacht one of so hie bloud.

*Prince* Faith it does me, though it discolors the complexi-  
on of my greatnes to acknowledge it: doth it not shew vildly  
in me, to desire small beere?

*Poynes* Why a Prince should not be so loosely studied, as  
to remember so weake a composition.

*Prince* Belike then my appetite was not princely gote, for  
by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature small beere.

But

## Henry the f

But indeed these humble considera-  
with my greatnesse. What a disgrace  
thy name? or to know thy face to me  
many paire of filke stockings thou  
that were thy peach colourd once, or  
thy shirts, as one for superfluitie, and  
the Tennis court keeper knows bet-  
of linnen with thee when thou keep-  
hast not done a great while, because  
tries haue eate vp thy holland: and  
that bal out the ruines of thy linnen  
but the Midwiues say, the children  
vpon the world increases, and kinre  
ned.

*Poynes* How ill it followes, after  
you should talke so ydely! tell me ho-  
ces woulde doe so, their fathers being  
time is.

*Prince* Shall I tel thee one thing?

*Poynes* Yes faith, and let it be an

*Prince* It shall serue among wit-  
then thine.

*Poynes* Go to, I stand the push-  
will tell.

*Prince* Mary I tell thee it is not n-  
now my father is sicke, albeit I coul-  
pleases me for fault of a better to cal-  
and sad indeede too.

*Poynes* Very hardly, vpon such

*Prince* By this hand, thou think-  
booke, as thou and Falstasse, for o-  
let the end trie the man, but I tel thee  
ly that my father is so sick, and keep-  
thou arte, hath in reason taken from  
owe.

*Poynes* The reason.